



Alii veri figlioli delle  
Muse\*



E MODERN Laureates, fatnoused  
for your writ, Who for your  
pregnance may in Delos dwell! On your  
sweet lines. Eternity doth sit ; Their  
brows ennobhng with applause and  
laurel! Triumph and Honour aye invest  
your writ ! Yefet[ch] your pens from  
wing of s^ng^ng swan, When (sweetly  
warbling to herself) she floats A down  
Meander streams ; and hke to organ.  
Imparts, into her quills, melodious  
notes!

Ye, from the Father of delicious  
phrases, Borrow such Hymns as make  
your Mistress hve When Time is dead /  
Nay, HERMES tunes the praises, Which  
ye, in Sonnets, to your Mistress give I

Report, throughout our Western  
Isle doth ring. The sweet tuned  
accents of your Delian sonnetry.  
Which to Apollo"'s violin, ye sing ! O,  
then, your high strains drown his  
melody t

From forth dead sleep of everlasting  
dark ; Fame, with her trump's shrill  
summon) hath awaked The'Roman  
NASO, and the Tuscan PETRARCH, Your  
spirit\*? avishing lines to wonder at!

O theme befitting high-Mused  
ASTROPHIL !